(No. XVI.)

THE PASTIME.

Schenectady, Saturday, July 18, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

[We purposed to publish the whole of Mr. EMPIE's Fourth of July Oration; but on examination, we find it to be too copious for the limits of the Pastime. According to our promise last week, we are unwilling to pass it over without some extracts; and therefore select the following energetic passages.]

Patriots, while you gaze in imagination upon the tombs of empires, let them warn you to think upon their end. While you witness, with mental anguish, the convulsions of expiring liberty, imbibe the enthusiasm which proves its surest preservative. From the evils and miseries of arbitrary and despotick governments learn the value of freedom; and having learned its value, strive to maintain it. While you sigh over the tombs, and tread upon the smoaking embers of devastated nations, imbibe that reverence and humble submission to government, which are indispensible to its existence.

Do you ask what must be done to secure national happiness and tranquillity? I answer, banish luxury from your soil. It is the parent of every vice; the cause of that remissness of spirit, that state of national debility, which have always been the last symptom of expiring liberty. What but luxury laid in the dust the honours of the Persian, Syrian, and Grecian powers? What but luxury tumbled into ruin the stupendous fabric of Roman glory? What but luxury excited those barbarous and detestable transactions that blacken the pages of Gallick history? Tear from your soil this *Bohon Upas* that is disseminating its poison over your country: from your bodies, this leach that is sucking away your strength, and thus sapping the foundation of your government. Conspire to accelerate the downfal of this Harlot, whose touch is poison; whose breath, the contagion of hell.

It is a maxim that ought to be engraven in golden capitals, on the temple door of liberty, that Republican governments cannot stand, unless they are based on virtue: a virtuous government, alone, presents a shield that is impenetrable to the shafts of invasion; stands upon a rock which myriads of assailants cannot shake from its foundation; and constitutes a fabrick, that time cannot moulder into ruins.

But, Americans, in the morning of your day, the morals of your country are degenerating, and corruption has already buckled on his armour of death. With a motto, "havoc, and spoil, and ruin

are my gain," he is "riding forth conquering and to conque
Infidelity and scepticism begin to rear their heads in pub
Party spirit has long been kindling his hidden fires. Torre
of defamation and volumes of political nonsense and malice,
daily issuing from the press. A newspaper has become bu
milder name for a vehicle of sedition. It is little less than a P
dora's box. Viper tongued calumny stalks around your count
With a cowardly spirit, sometimes skulking in secret, and wat
ing his victims with "the keen, unwearied vigilance of the ty
cat," he throws his envenomed darts at the honest and the virtuo
at other times, in the face of the world, with the malignity of h
on his brow, he breathes forth his accursed and contaminat
breath. If such be the conduct of partizans, they deserve not
name of patriots. They are offering incense on a mistaken alt
an altar, covered and surrounded with the blood-stained victi
of ambition.

But a little while, and this corruption may become irresisti
Check it then now. You are members of the only existing
public in the world. Rome, Genoa, Venice, and the confeder
republics of Greece, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, are all
ing in the ruins of despotism. Learn wisdom from their
Tho' your Washington, "the pillar of cloud and fire that gui
the Israel of America," is no more; yet he has left you a gl
ous example, and unerring precepts, for the preservation of
independence, which his valour obtained for you. Disrespect
his memory, by degrading your country. Oh may you prov
cherish the spirit of freedom without its licentiousness; m
your exertions ensure its blessings, and avert its evils; may H
ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN never be an epitaph for the tom
our Columbia!

For the Pastime.

ON LAZINESS.

Laziness is properly twofold, of body and mind. In either o
it is unwarrantable and despicable, deserving the contempt of m
and the vengeance of him who never "slumbereth nor sleepe
It is the nourisher of ignorance and pusillanimity; the autho
poverty and wretchedness. Laziness appears in different shap
operates in different ways. It exhibits itself in the walk,
conversation, the dress, and the manners. It speaks from
fields and barns of the husbandman, from the tumbled couch of
opulent. It is exhibited in the thoughts and the actions: in
studies and productions of the student as well as in those of li
ary and professional characters. Minute investigation and cl
thought are too laborious for an indolent person He will ex
cise his imagination rather than his reason. Instead of walki
he creeps: instead of leading the way, he lounges on behi
Instead of the ornament, he is the disgrace of society. His

ct soul never breathed independence. The fire of genius never armed his bosom. The golden page of fame never recorded s name but to record his infamy. Reason and religion abhor, nd satire should "lash the" sluggard "naked round the world." ndolence is, indeed, not equally censurable in all, for it exists in ifferent degrees; but in all it is unjustifiable. It is contemptible hether it is seen creeping along the street or sitting in the ashes; noring in the house or exerting its slow moving limbs in the field; tting in torpid silence, or uttering its difficult conceptions. Ev- ry exertion, either of the body or mind of an indolent man, is erformed with the unwillingness of the mule and the slowness f the sloth. He walks as if his feet were clogged. He speaks s if he had to fetch his breath farther than "ab imo pectore," and e works as if the night would never come. His procrastinated o-morrow is always before him. He dallies in matters of eter- al importance as in the trifles of a day. This indolence of feel- ng is consequently dangerous. He who is under its influence emains passive as long as possible. Tread on him and he will carcely turn. His non-elastic soul sinks into a dead indifference t the first repulse. If he is not checked, "onward he goes and e'er looks farther than his nose." Destitute of all vigour, he reathes out a slothful life in insignificance and uselessness. This s not an imaginary character. You may find him in every de- partment of society, of office, and of literature. There let the "slow unmoving finger of scorn" be pointed at him.

Sluggard, where is your authority for wasting any of your time n indolence? Have you purchased a respite from the Almighty? Or have you become mightier than he? If not, have you discharg- ed the duties of your station in life? Have you lived for others as well as for yourself? Have you done all the good in your power? Have you wrought out your salvation, and are your temples already crowned with the victor's reward? The oracles of truth have anticipated these interrogatories, and declared your inabili- ty to accomplish these things. The dictate of wisdom therefore, and the command of justice are, "whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with all your might." Be this the motto of your life: lest the ghost of murdered time harrass your dying pillow, and the judge of the unprofitable servant seal your destiny forever!

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Port Folio.

STORY OF ROSALBA,

From the French of Florian, the GALLICK GOLDSMITH.

[Concluded.]

Reduced at length to despair, Rosalba sighed for death; and Laura be- gan to fear that grief would indeed destroy her life. "My dear mistress," said she to her one day, "since you cannot cure a melancholy passion that is

hastening you to the grave, since you have exhausted your spirits to reck
him that is unworthy of you, and since you have done every thing that l
and virtue can do, I entreat you to try other means rather than die. I kn
an old Jewess, who has been about two years at Palermo, and who is ce
brated for her magick arts, particularly for the love powders she makes. O
pretended wits disbelieve and ridicule her wonders, but for my part, tha
heaven! I give entire credit to them, for I cannot doubt what I have se
Do you remember young Lisbette who came to sell you gauze last wint
and who appeared to interest you so much? She was as shrewd as she w
pretty: she lived with my sister, who has told me a thousand times th
she was an example of the power of the Jewess. A young nobleman s
her at church, and had the presumption to make love to her. Lisbe
would'at listen to him, sent back all his letters unopened, and avoided
every means in her power, a meeting. The disappointed lover had recou
to the old Jewess; he related his fruitless efforts, and made her a ha
some present. The enchantress put into his hands a green wax taper, w
directions to light it whenever he wished to see the object of his desires.
do no know whether he lighted his candle that night, but I know very w
that after that time Lisbette went regularly every evening to the house of h
lover, and returned only by the light of day. When my sister discovered th
she wasabout to reproach her, but poor Lisbette soothed her anger by confe
sing ingenuously, that as soon as she fell asleep, she rose, dressed herself
a supernatural impulse, and in spite of herself, walked to the house of t
young lord whom she did not love at all. There, said she, a wax candle bur
without being consumed, and extinguishes itself with a loud noise as so
as day appears. I then resume my reason, seem to wake from a terrib
dream, and return home full of horrour. You may judge, my dear mistre
from this circumstance (which I assure you is completely true) of the for
of the Jewess' magick. Why not consult her then? If you would not b
known, disguise yourself in my dress; if you are afraid to go to her hous
I will engage to bring her to you."

The dutchess heard Laura with a melancholy smile: she rejected her o
fer, and would not practice a remedy her reason told her was ridiculous
but reason avails little when opposed to love, and nothing seems fruitle
that may possibly contribute to our felicity. Rosalba reflected perpetual
on the Jewess, and her fancy, naturally warm, became once more inflam
with love. Credulous as she was amiable, she paid to the custom of h
country, like all Sicilians, the tribute of superstition: she had no other hop
and Laura was continually repeating some new miracles of the sorcere
Rosalba at length decided, and desired Laura to seek her.

The old woman would appear only at night. She was conducted into
secret chamber, faintly illumined with wax tapers. The dutchess soon a
peared, accompanied only by Laura. She thought she would have faint
with terror on beholding a little figure leaning on a stick of black thorn, a
dressed in a red gown, tied with a yellow string; on her head, which w
constantly trembling, an old cap pulled down, but half concealed her gr
hairs: a pointed bone, covered with shrivelled skin, which had once been
nose, approached another bone like itself, that ages before had served for
chin; her fiery eyes, all over blood shot, were covered with a few whit
lashes, and two wrinkled cavities pointed out the place where in forme
times her cheeks had been.

The dutchess, after conquering in some degree her fears, addressed th
Pythoness, and without attempting to conceal any thing, "I adore my hus
band," said she, throwing away her terror, "and he did love me; yes!
am sure he did love me: he has now abandoned me for objects unworth
of him; if you can restore him, if you can make me what I was—my gol
my diamonds—all that I have, shall be yours."

The sorceress hung down her head, contracted her brows, and rubbed her forehead with a withered hand. After a little silence, "madam," said she, with a hoarse voice, "I have medicines whose potency in restoring wandering *lovers* is infallible, but I know no remedies sufficiently powerful for *husbands*. However, last winter I was called upon by a young princess of your own rank; her husband was in love with a Roman opera singer, who was both ugly and old. I tried two powders in vain. Surprized at this want of success, I began to suspect that there were magick arts opposed to mine. Piqued at length at this affair, that defied my power, I introduced myself into the woman's house; I went to the granary and found it closed with triple doors. You will believe I did not want keys to open them. On entering I soon discovered the cause of the failure of my love powders. I observed a beautiful chicken fastened by his neck, his wings, and his feet; he had two pieces of thick leather over his eyes, which entirely deprived him of his sight. I smiled with pity, and seizing the chicken, tore the leather from his eyes, and returned home well satisfied that my desire would now be gratified. Indeed, at the very moment when I took the bandage from the cock, the husband of the young princess deserted the object of his guilty passion; he beheld her as she was, ugly, old, wretched and perfidious, and viewing his princess beautiful, young, faithful and charming; he returned to her with increasing love.—To-day we are to effect a cure more arduous. You do not pretend to point out any one in particular who holds the affections of your husband. Since there are so many, my divided enchantments will surely lose their efficacy, But we will not despair; I am mistress of a horrible secret; and if I could but gain possession of two hairs cut by your own hand from a criminal now dead upon a gibbet, I would make sure to you for life, the love of him you adore."

The dutchess shuddered at these words, and dismissed the sorceress; but before she had gone, Laura ran to her and called her back. Rosalba despaired of other means, and vanquished at last by the perseverance of the Jewess, who persisted in declaring that this was the only infallible remedy, Rosalba anxiously inquired how she could obtain these horrible hairs. "Listen," said the sorceress. "At the distance of half a league from Palermo, on the road to Corlione, is a small chapel surrounded by a deep ditch; a wooden bridge leads to the chapel, about which, low down, is a stone ledge half a foot in breadth. Underneath this ledge are suspended against the wall, the bodies of criminals executed at Palermo. They remain there until they fall into the ditch, which becomes a sepulchre for their bones. If you have courage, or rather, if you have love enough to go to this chapel at midnight, alone, place yourself on the stone ledge, and with your left hand cut the hair from the body nearest to you, I will answer for the rest: but remember, no one accompanies you—*you must go alone, and at midnight.*"

Rosalba was pensive for a few moments, then, seizing with violence the hand of the old Jewess, she exclaimed, "I will go!" Eleven o'clock struck. Rosalba, anxious to be gone, called for her cloak: Laura trembled as she reached it. She took a dark lantern, armed herself with a poignard and her scissars, ordered the enchantress to prevent Laura from following, and, escaping through a garden gate, she went through the town. She soon was on the road to Corlione, and found herself in the country, alone, in midnight darkness, walking with a firm and rapid pace, and expelling every thought but that of her husband.

She arrived—she beheld the chapel; a tremor seized every limb; yet without pausing she sought, by the light of her lantern, to find the passage over the wooden bridge. She discovered it—walked on, and coming near the stone ledge, she stooped to look for it, by the glimmering of her expiring taper. This ledge was scarcely half a foot wide, considerably sloped, and inclined towards the ditch: the dutchess held out the lantern, and cast-

ing a look down the precipice, discerned at the distance of twenty toises, white mouldering bones.

Rosalba, almost fainting, now reanimated herself, made one great effort, and placed her foot on the narrow ledge: at the next step she slipped; she reached out her hand, intending to take hold of the wall; she encountered the leg of one of the gibbeted bodies—she seized it, and made it her support; then taking the lantern from her left hand, and putting her scissors in that, which held the leg, she fearfully raised herself and endeavoured to reach the head to cut off the wished for hairs.

While thus horribly employed, a carriage and six horses passed along the great road. In the coach was a young man with two opera girls, whom he was taking to his country seat. He perceived from the road, a glimmering light and a woman, who seemed to be taking a body from the gibbet. Filled with fear and horror, the young man concluded that the woman was a sorceress, engaged in some of her evil deeds. He stopped the horses, and getting out of his carriage, advanced towards the place. Superstitious even in the midst of crimes, he called with a voice of thunder, "infamous witch! leave the dead in peace, or fear the living; tremble, lest I tear away your horrid booty, and deliver your person to the holy inquisition."

How astonished was the dutchess at these words! It was the voice of her husband! in her terror and surprise she had lost the lantern, which fell, rolled along the ditch, and was extinguished; whilst Rosalba, in utter darkness, continued to be supported by the dead body—almost breathless, and fearful lest her strength should entirely fail.

The duke repeated his threats while he was crossing the bridge: and Rosalba, forced to speak, cried, with a faint and feeble voice, "stop! stop! I intended no crime; my God and my heart are my witnesses. Do not destroy a wretch that merits only your pity. Come! oh! come to my assistance if you would save me from falling down the precipice!"

At these words, on hearing this voice, the duke knew his wife: he uttered a deep groan; and calling out, endeavoured to encourage her; he even used expressions of love, which the danger of Rosalba elicited from him. He approached, and taking her in his arms, bore her insensible to the coach. He hurried out his former companions—flew towards the city, and frozen with horror and surprise, arrived at his palace before Rosalba had recovered her senses

Laura, seeing her mistress senseless in the arms of her husband, filled the air with her lamentations: she shook her to restore her life, while the half frantick duke could not believe what he saw; he endeavoured in vain to comprehend it, and demanded of every one an explanation. The old woman thus addressed him with a serious air:

"Insensible and cruel man! fall on your knees before your wife; adore that divine model of amiable and constant hearts. Never did lover, never did husband receive a mark of affection more lively, more striking, or more forcible than this given to you to-day. Learn, perfidious man! learn what Rosalba has done for you; blush for having reduced her to the necessity, and devote the whole of your future life to compensate her for the sacrifice she has this moment made.

The Jewess proceeded to relate her conversation with the dutchess, and the horrible proof of love she had exacted from her. The duke did not suffer the old woman to conclude; he threw himself at the feet of his wife, and shed tears of admiration, of tenderness, and of repentance; he swore he would atone by everlasting fidelity for the faults he abhorred; and he implored her forgiveness while he acknowledged his own unworthiness. The tender Rosalba raised him with a smile. She pressed him to her heart, and bathed his cheeks with tears of ecstacy, and they united in returning thanks to heaven for the felicity they enjoyed.

From this moment the young Castellamare abandoned the companions who had not entirely corrupted him; happy in an enjoyment he never knew before, gained by virtue, pure affection and tranquillity of soul. Catellamare continually increasing in the love of Rosalba, passed his unclouded days in the society of his adored wife, his lovely children, and the good old Scanzano. The Jewess, enriched by the gifts that had been lavished on her by the dutchess, renounced, by her advice, her dangerous profession. She has often been heard to declare, that when she proposed to Rosalba a visit to the chapel, she knew that the duke always passed by at midnight, and perhaps had calculated on the effects of a meeting there; but this does not sully her glory, and should not diminish the faith we owe to the ability of enchantresses.

LITERARY PARAGRAPHS.

We have received from Baltimore (Maryland) the first number of a satirical work, called MOONSHINE, by the Lunarian Society. The writers, whoever they be, seem to propose the course marked out by their witty and eminent neighbour, LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, Esq. of New-York. Since Launcelot's publication, many works on a similar plan, but of inferior execution, have appeared. The *Moon* is the last; and, compared to the rest, she shines, INTER IGNES, LUNA MINORES.

Dr. HOBART has published Letters addressed to Dr. MASON, in answer to strictures in the Christian Magazine.

On Friday next, Mr. RYER SCHERMERHORN will commence a weekly newspaper in this city, to be called THE MOHAWK ADVERTISER.

When we announced Mr. SARGENT's version of *Virgil's Culex*, we did not recollect, or rather we did not know, that this translation was the first and only one ever made publick. The following, copied from the work, does Mr. S. equal credit, as a translator and a poet:

Blest is the shepherd's life! ah, happy swain
Who seeks no joys beyond his native plain;
Nor pants for wealth, nor heaves a wishful sigh
For all the charms of pageant luxury.
For him, no joys can Syrian dyes impart
Nor costly bowls, the boast of Alcon's art;
Nor splendid balls, nor stones of fairest hue,
Nor pearls that toil from India's ocean drew.
But oft, when spring and all her charms appear,
And Flora's pencil paints the blooming year,
Full light of heart from some green bank he views
The various fields, and notes their sev'ral hues;
Or, all at ease, beguiles his hours away,
Whilst with his reed he tunes some past'ral lay.
Vines, arching o'er him, shade the verdant ground,
And rip'ning clusters hang luxurious round.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

[We received the following verses inclosed in a letter from an affectionate friend in New-York; the virtues of whose heart are only equalled by the refinement of his understanding. They were written by an acquaintance of our correspondent; a gentleman whose complexion of mind bears as strong resemblance to the mind of Cowper, as his genius does to the exquisite powers of that eminent poet.]

MYRA.

What maiden is this with the bright, laughing eye
Whose form is so graceful and fair;
Whose cheek with the full blushing roses may vie,
Whose neck with the lilly compare?

This is Myra: for grace and for elegance priz'd,
Whose charms you with rapture behold:
What pity, by features so fine is disguis'd
A heart that is selfish and cold!

Poor Edmund beheld her, with beauty thus bless'd,
He saw, he admir'd, and he lov'd,
He sought her, he woo'd her, and gently he press'd,
And awhile she his passion approv'd.

But fickle by nature, the warmer he plead
The colder, and colder, she grew:
With scorn, with neglect, and with slight she repaid,
That heart which was constant and true!

He felt, but complain'd not; in silence he pin'd
And brooded o'er pleasures which were—
He told not his sorrows, except to the wind,
Which echoed them back to his ear.

At the calm evening hour when the landscape was still,
By moonlight alone has he strayed,
And at morn he ascended the forest crown'd hill,
To hide himself deep in its shade.

No more was he seen with the happy and gay,
In that circle which merriment cheers,
Pale, languid, dejected, he faded away,
In the freshness and bloom of his years.

Oh! fly then the syren before you are lost,
Nor her charms with such rapture behold,
What is grace, what is beauty, what all they can boast,
When they cover a heart that is cold!

[It will not perhaps lessen the pleasure of our readers to know that the author is no longer *poor Edmund*, but that *Myra* is his wife, and they are blessed with a charming child.]

For the Pastime.

EPIGRAM ON THOMAS MOORE.

A poetical tourist satiric'lly lies,
Dogs and democrats only saluted his eyes;
Had his vision been brighter he'd certainly swore,
While we was in Norfolk, there was *one puppy More.*

ERRATA—In our last, p. 114, first line in the top, for *cantour*, read *contour*. Same p. 13th line from the top, for *Atheman*, read *Athenian*.—Same p. 13th line from bottom, for *persuades*, read *pervades*.—P. 118, for *Spera veram meliora*, read *Speraveram meliora*.—P. 119, 6th line from the end of the original song, for *these rich vales, these splendid spires*, read *these rich vales,* THOSE *splendid spires.*

Printed by R. PACKARD, No. 41, State-street, ALBANY, for the Editor, and published at SCHENECTADY, where communications (post paid) will be thankfully received, and duly noticed.